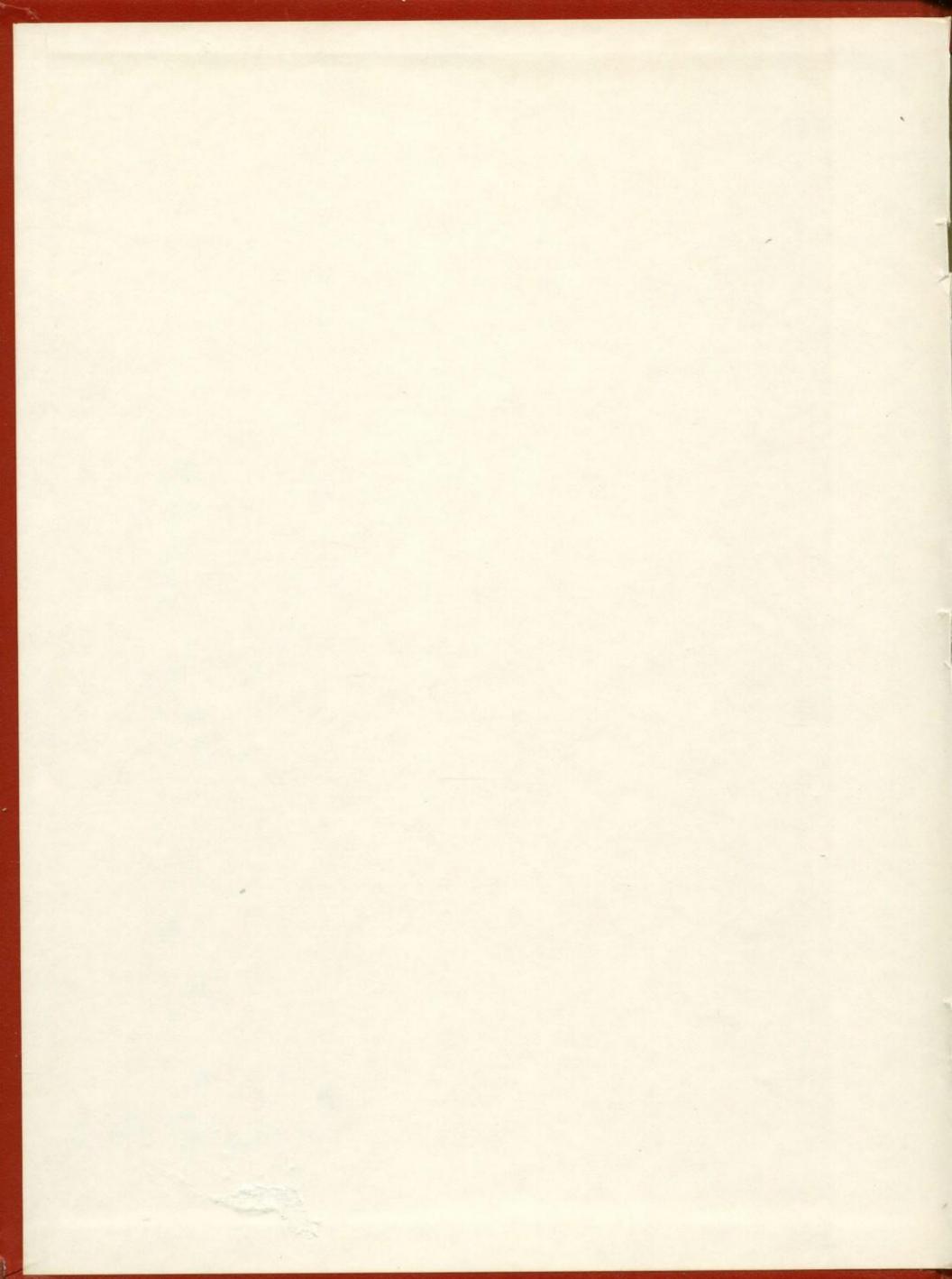
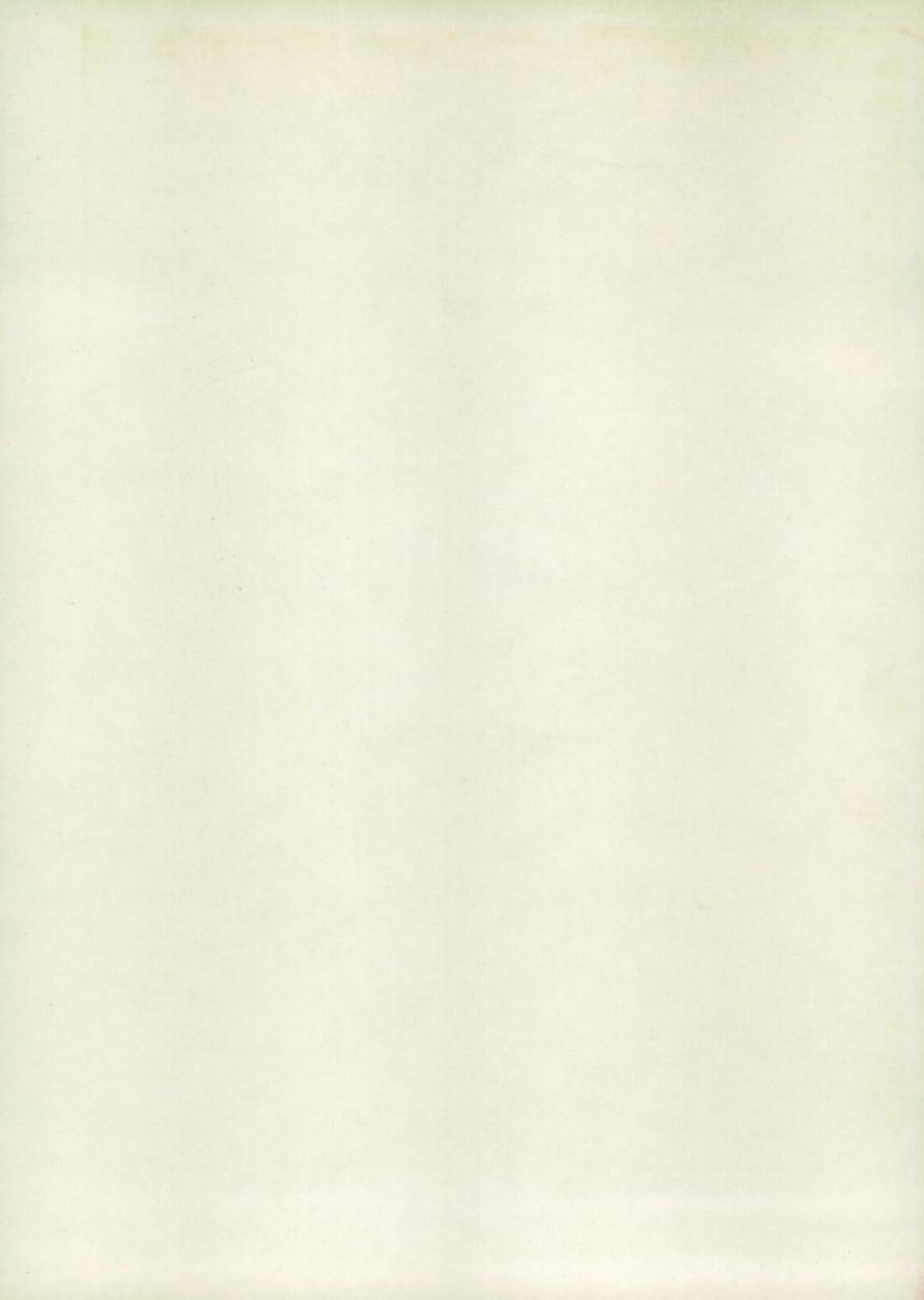


Walden 84-85





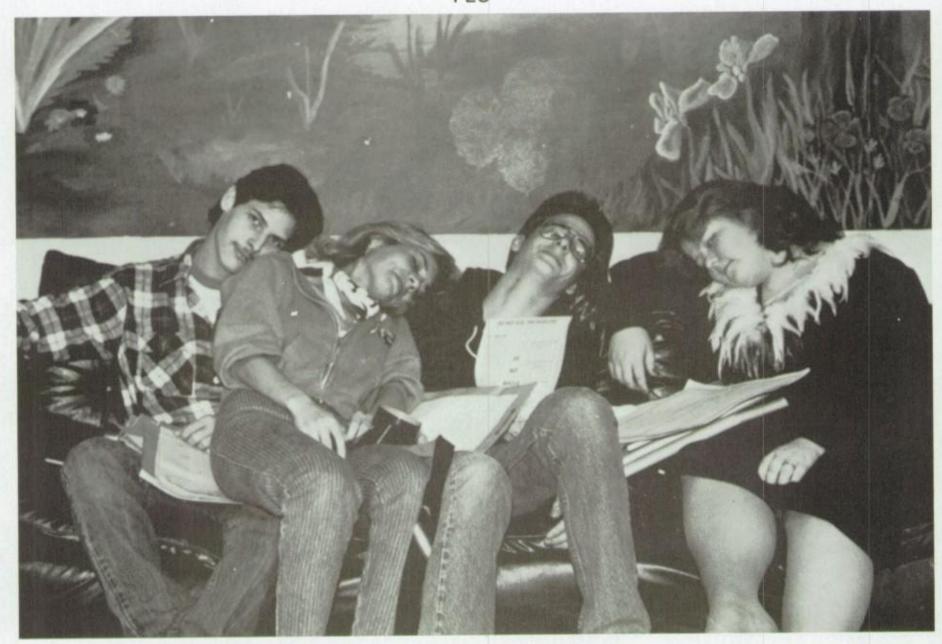






I would like to express my sincere thanks, to Glen, Vicky, and Dave for their many hours of hard work, we hope you enjoy this year's annual.

FLO





I can't believe we did this wrong.



"I can do a thousand more!"



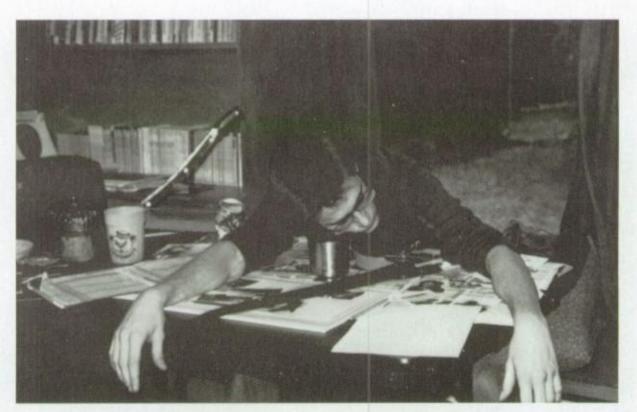
Dazed and confused?!?



"Don't open your eyes or you'll expose the film."



Too popped to print!



Wake up Dave, it's all over!



"It's due when?"



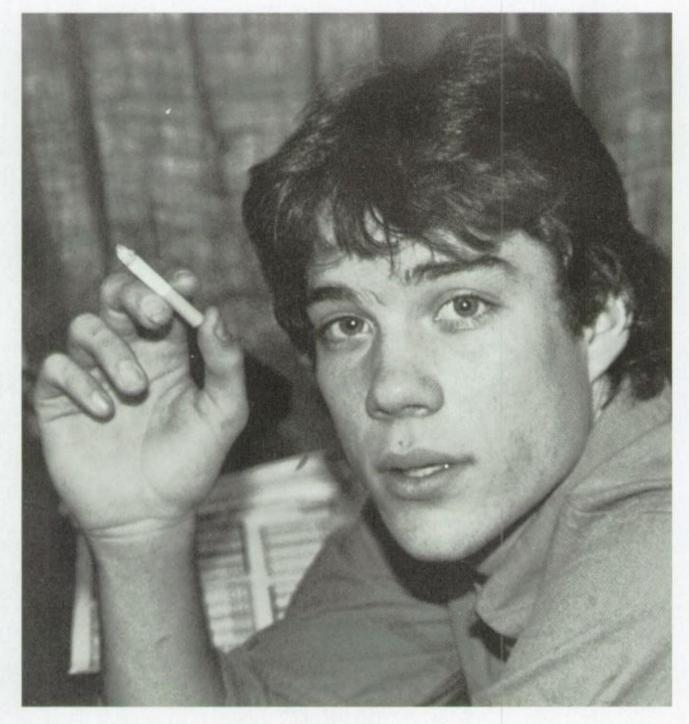
"One more and I'll kill myself!"



"Oh @%*&"







Scott Wise

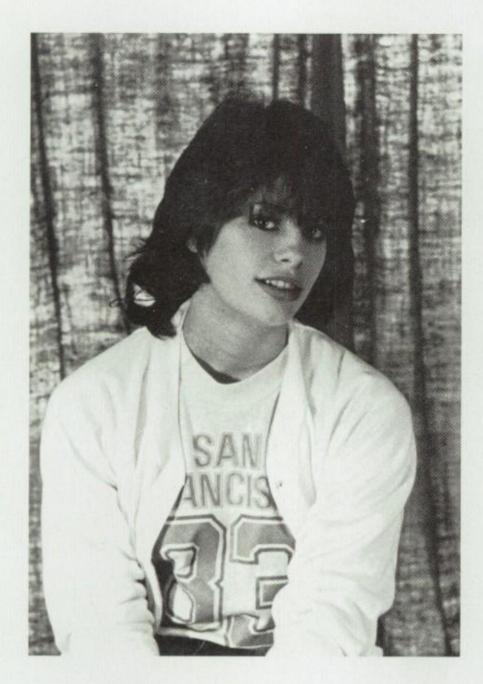
"Whisper words of wisdom, let it be, let it be."

Debbie Unger

"Your the master of your own destiny."

Triumph





Rita Brennan

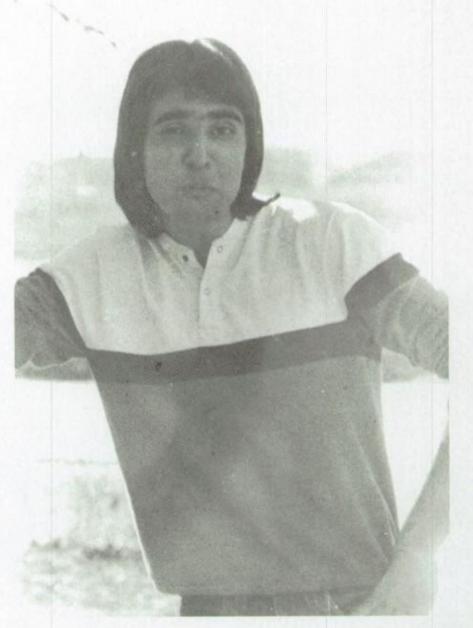


Chris Montgomery



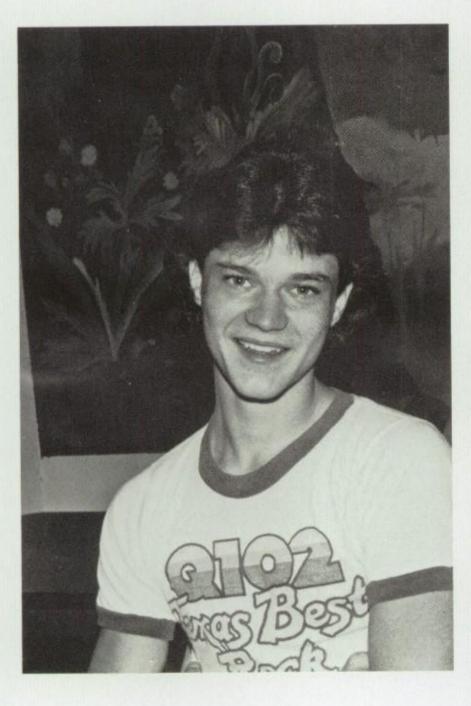
Kathy Hasse







Amy Broyles

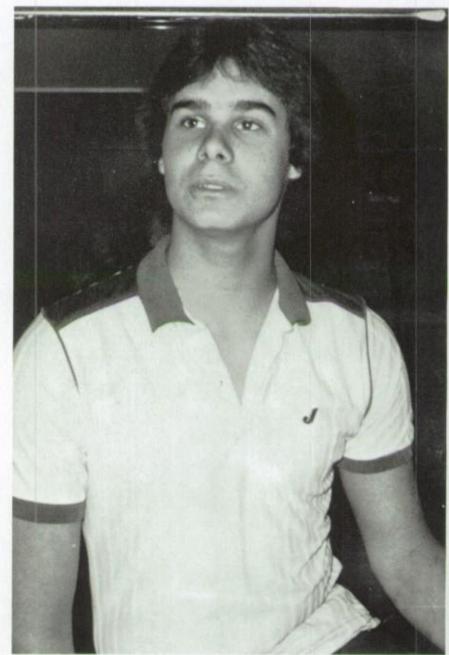


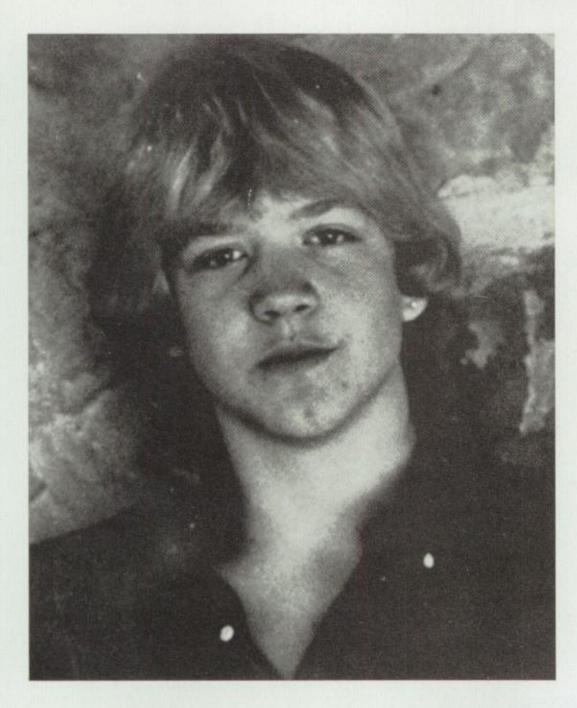
Mike Mount



Rachel Moran







Tim Francis



Jo De Damer



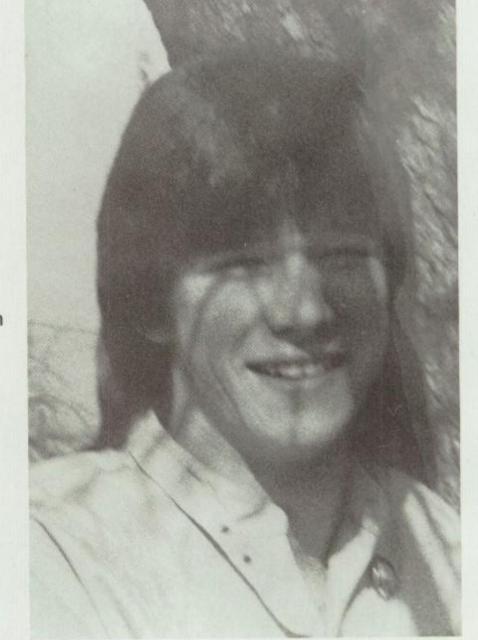
Bart Kennamer



Vicky Gasprian



Robert Johnson



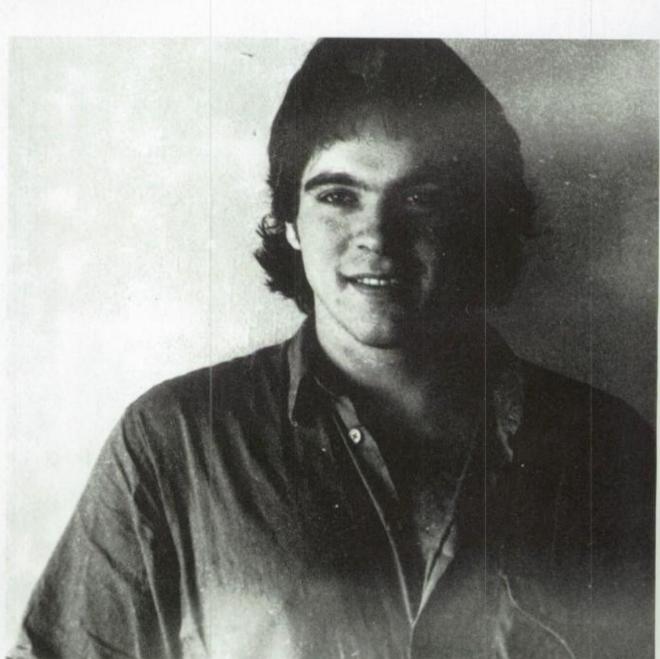
Pat Sullivan



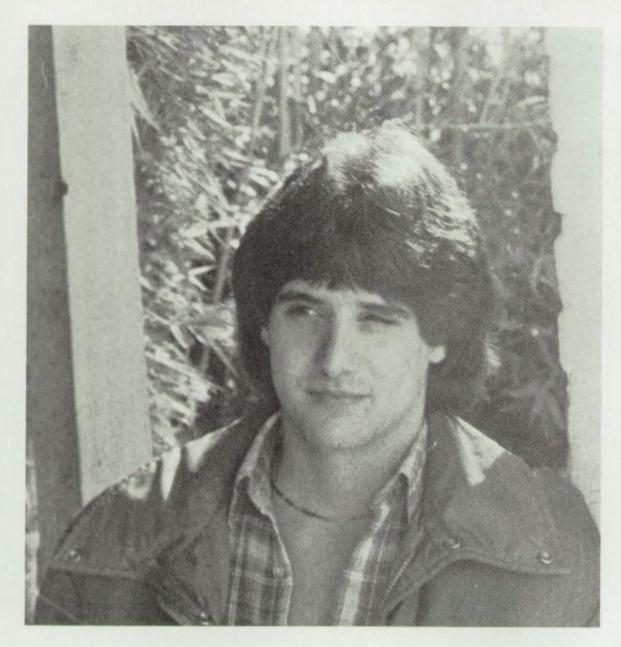
Peggy Rowe

"Long you live and high you fly, smiles you'll give and tears you'll cry, all you touch and all you see, is all your life will ever be."

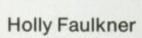
Pink Floyd



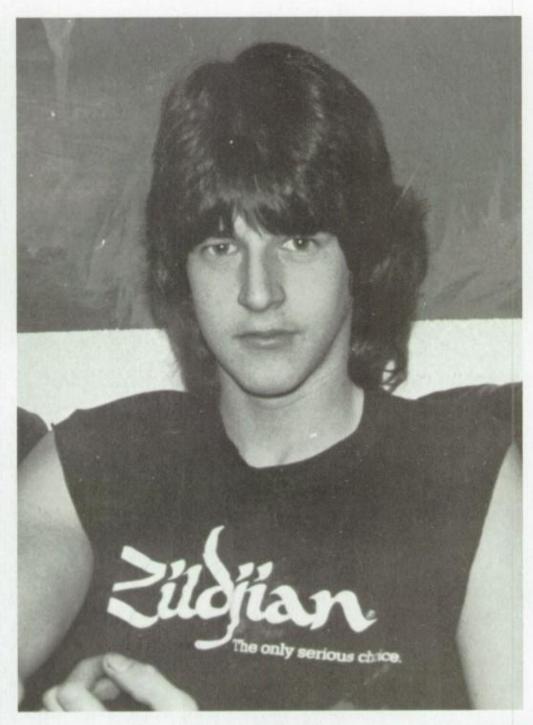
Bruner Dyer



Andy Knopf







Leighton Brown





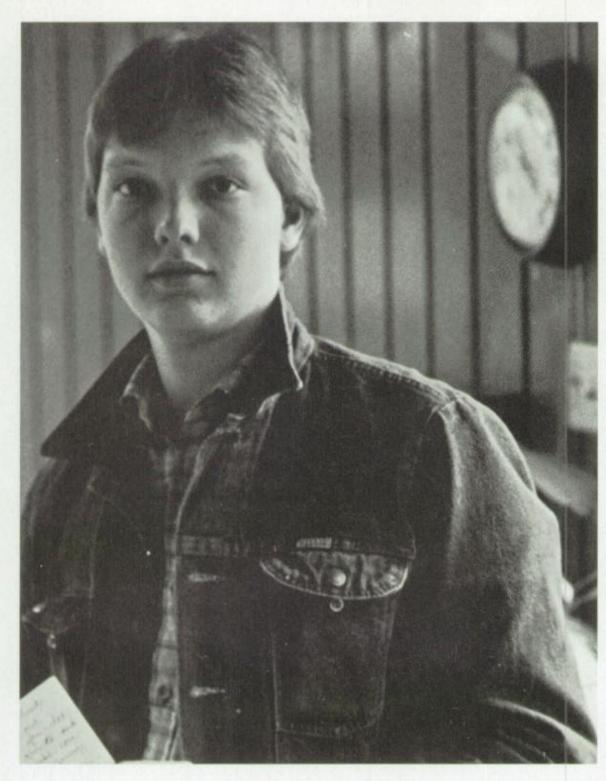


Stefani Korman

Alan Shafer

"And what is good Phaedrus and what is not, need we ask anyone?"





Scott Sullenger

Shanlea Thomas





Bruce Zalk



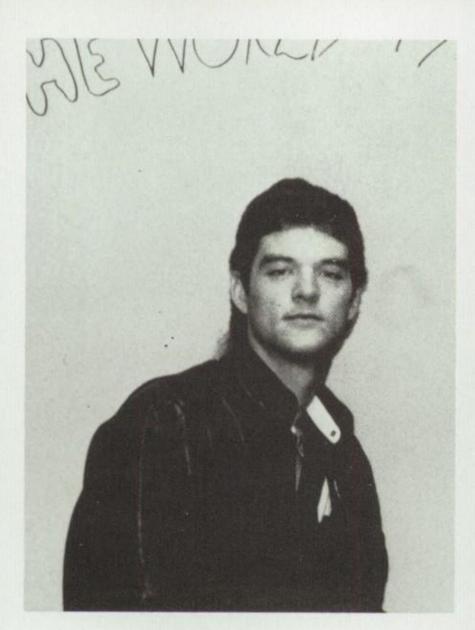
Steve Kuehler



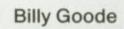
Lisa Reid

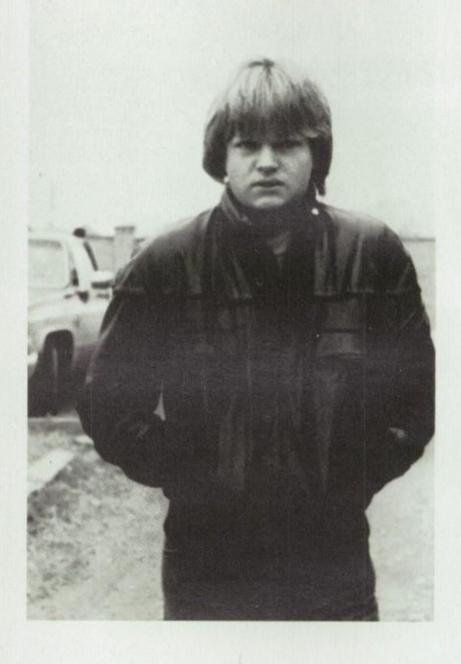


K. C. Duval

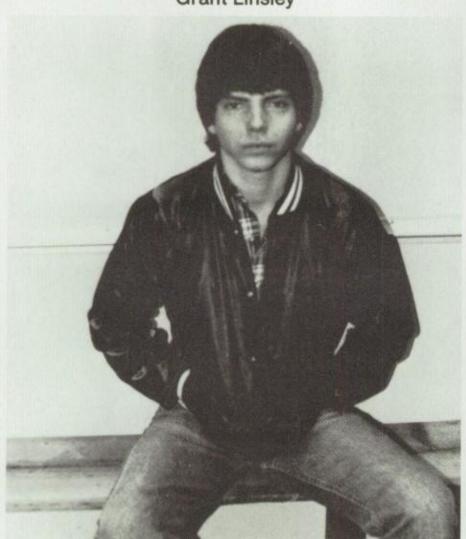


Mark Ainsworth





Grant Linsley





Graham Teschke



Shawn Burge

"I wish she loved me the way she loves my car."
Ronnie Milsap



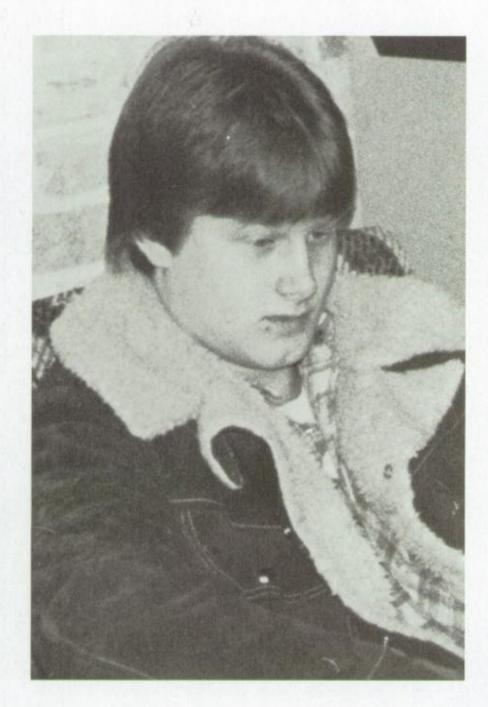
Tony Babaa



Derek James

"I don't know what's happening. I am all torn inside. People say I'm happy. They don't know what I hide."

Ozzy Obsorne



Mike Toland

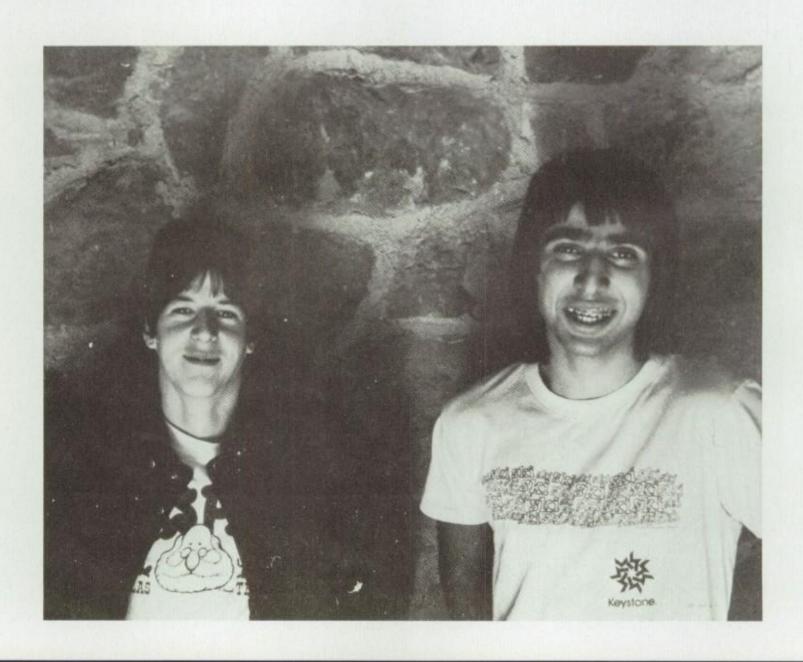


Anthony Collins

Cutest Couple



Peggy and Graham Running a close second are Chris and Leighton.



Most Bizarre





John Connell and Stephanie Korman



Worst Drivers

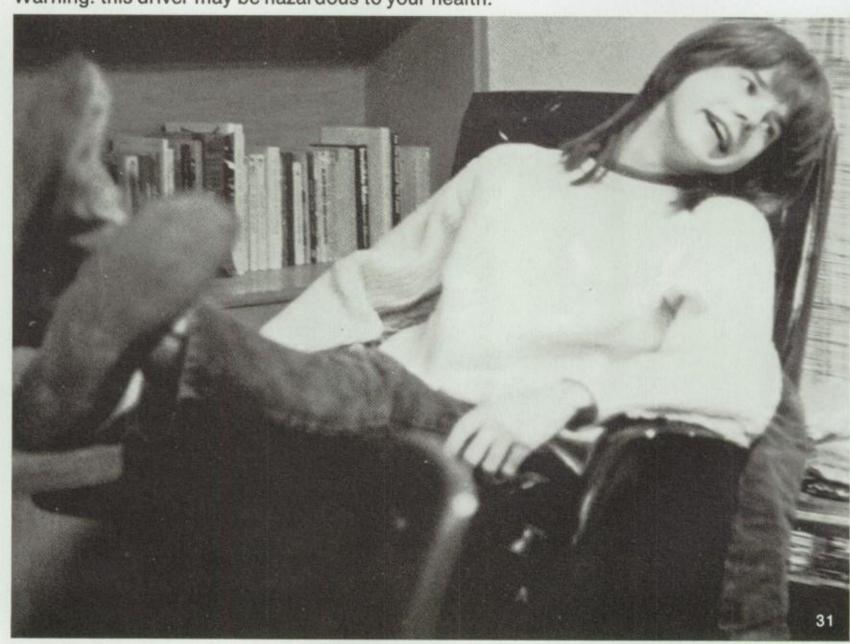


Kelly Faulkner

If you see this girl on the highway exit right away, an accident will soon follow.

Alan Shafer

Warning: this driver may be hazardous to your health.



Sexiest

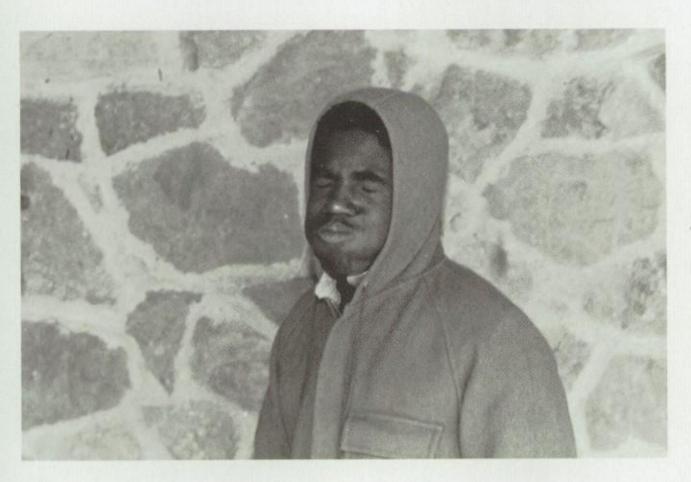


Amy Broyles

Anthony Collins



Class Clowns

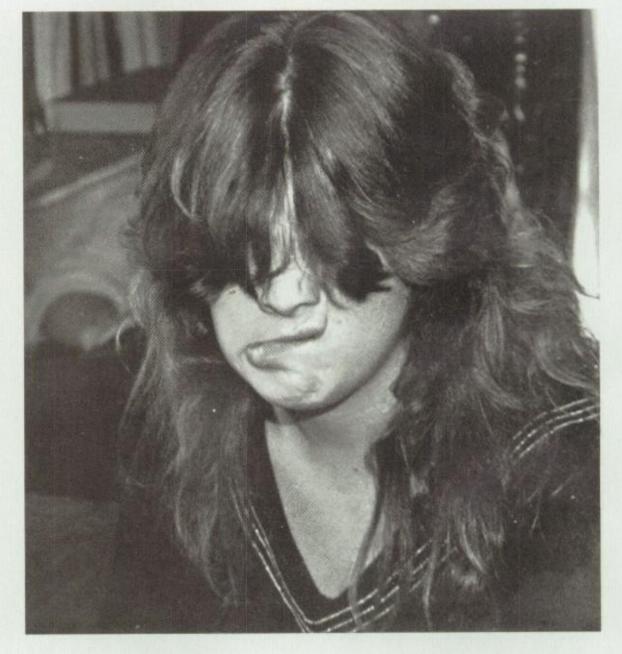


Zack Reynolds

Here comes lunch!

Rachel Moran

Said she would kill us if she wasn't chosen!



Dingiest

They Just Happen to be Blond!

Paige Streeter

WARNING: This girl can be a danger to your sanity!



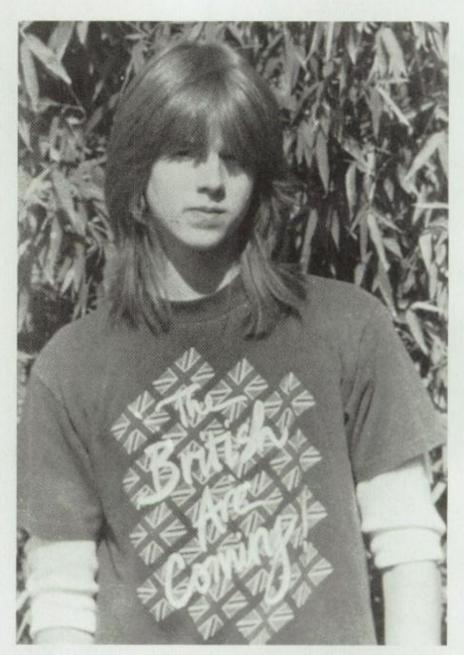


Chris Montgomery

Taught Tarzan everything he knows



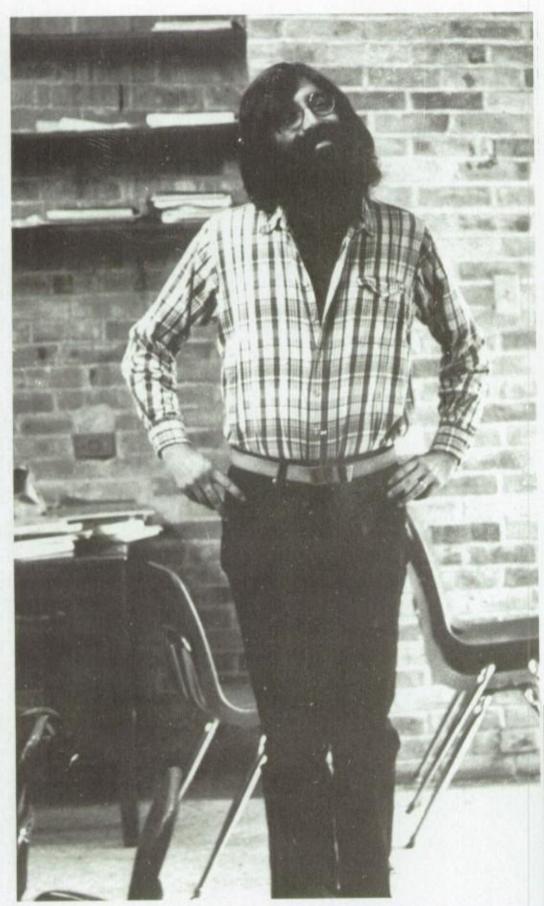
Who me? Write on cars!!



Resident hippie.



Attached since birth.



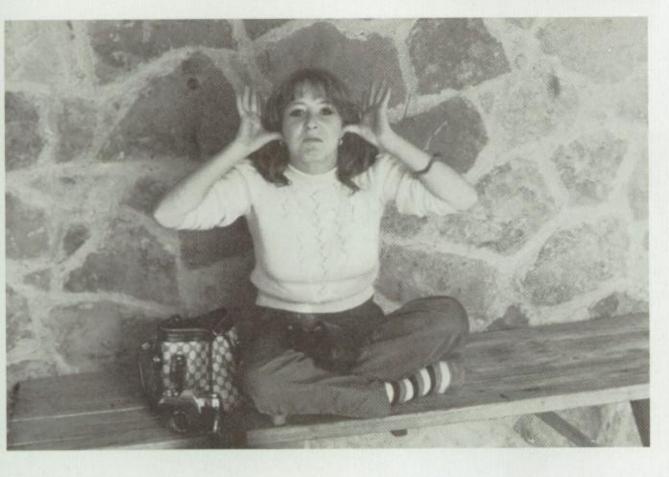
What do you mean you don't want to do yoga.



Two heads are better than one.



Idiot on the loose.



Jo De has a small opinion of math.



Peeping Shawn.



But Mom I am at school.



Who's going to make me go to class?

Parking Lot Life



But we aren't trying to leave.



Members of Phi Beta Lot.



It can't be time for English already!!!



Can I help you officer?



Hi Pamala

Just Some Snap Shots



















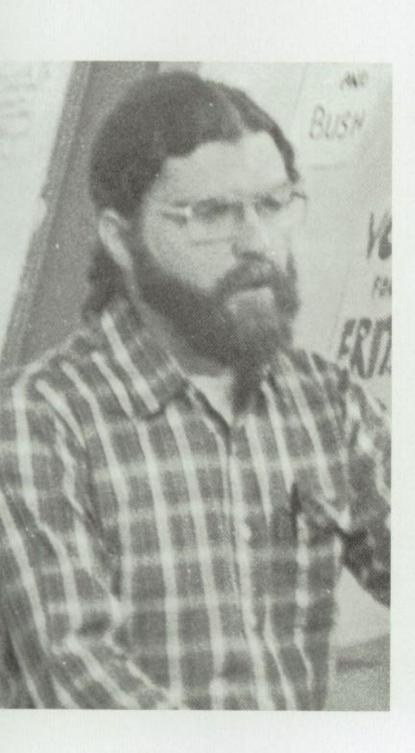
The Zoo Keepers

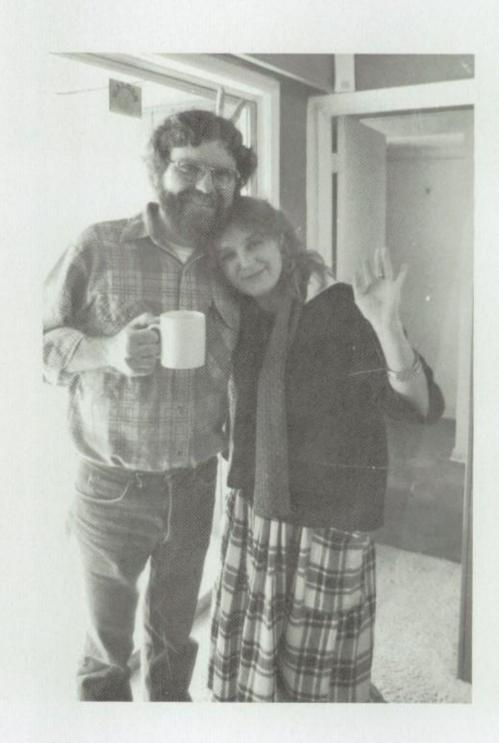


Pamela Stone our fearless leader

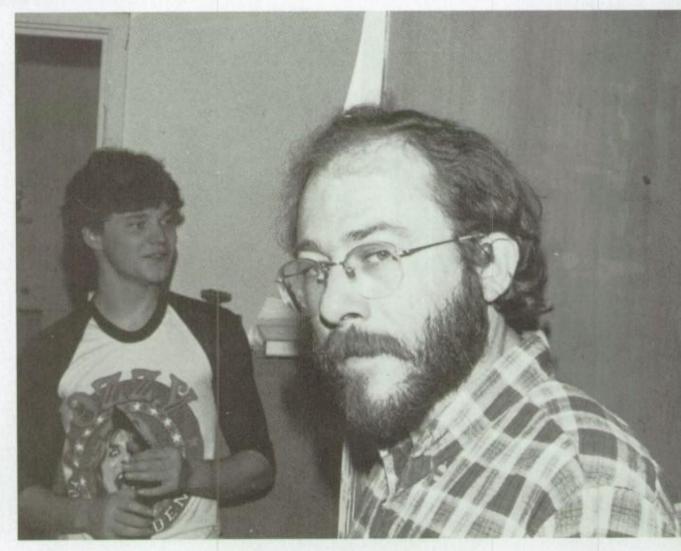


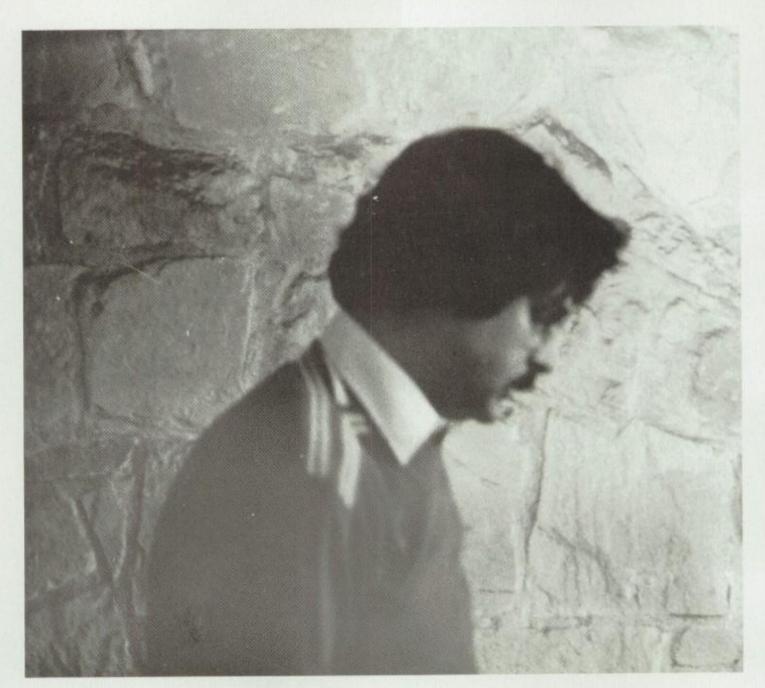












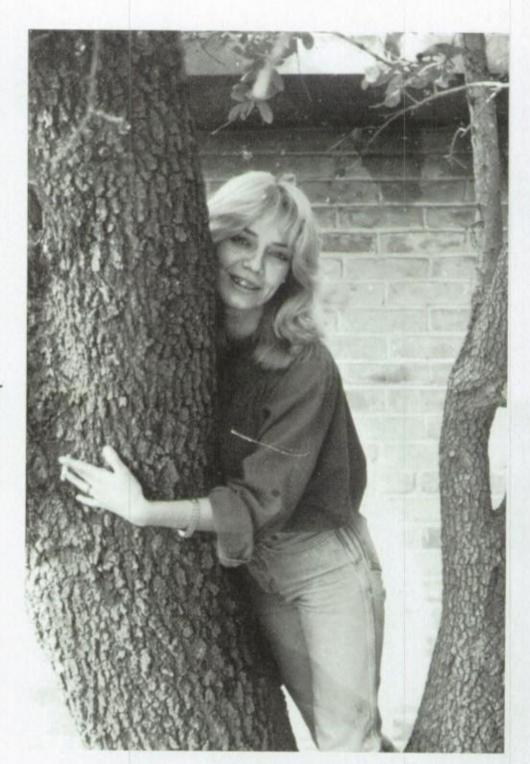
Micheal Flanagan



Trish Booten



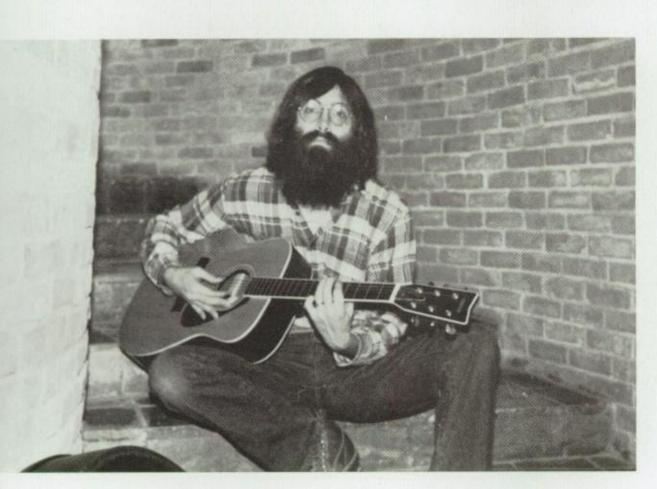
Bruce Bradshaw



Flo Wagner



Ulrike Gasprian



Stephan Houpt



Ursley



Ursley again!



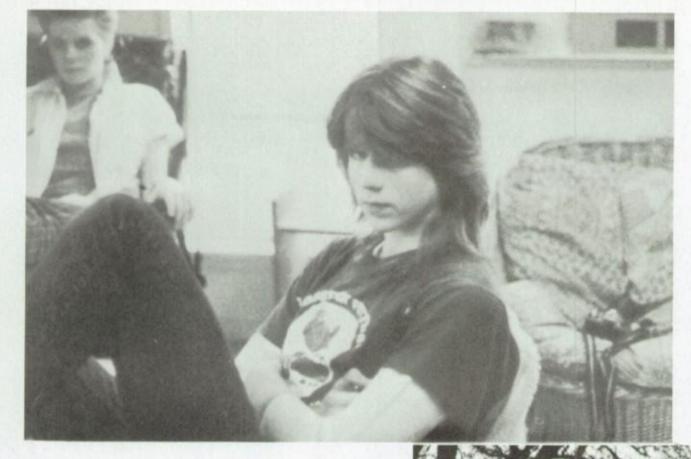
Look! I can do it.



One of Chris's loyal followers.

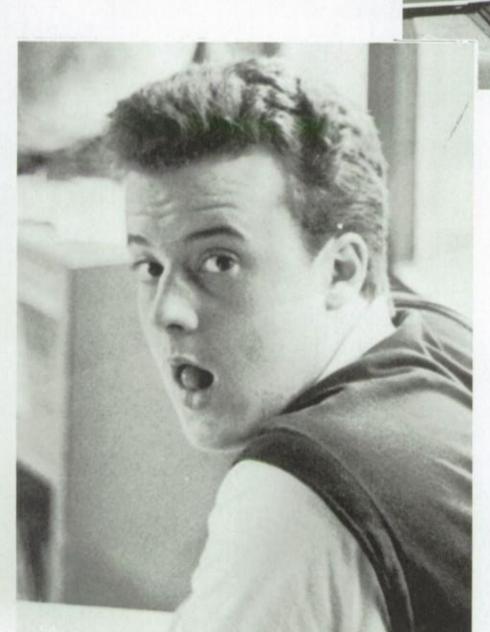


Cosmo couple.



This sucks.

Have you hugged a student today?



Attack of the parrot-people!

Underclassmen



Lisa Tarasar



Richard Smith



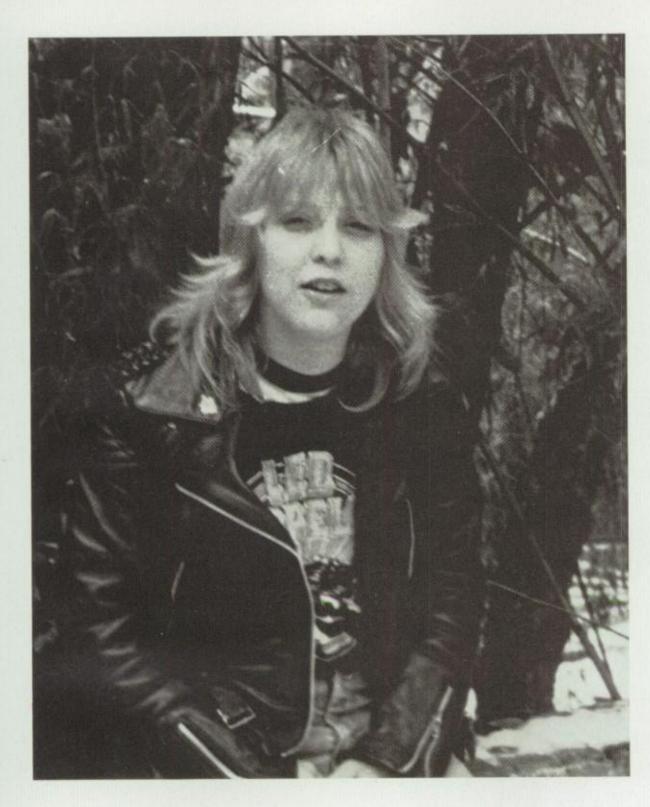
Marla Horsman



Keith Fletcher



Dave Brisco



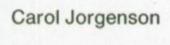
Bethany Jacobs







Mykal Ippoloto







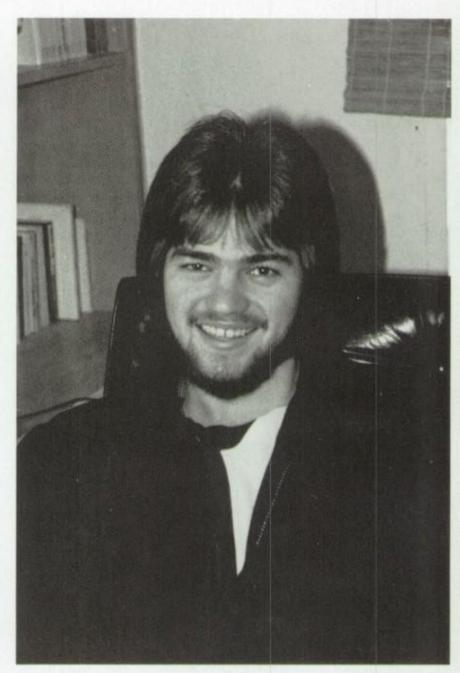
Andy Klovstad



Rob Stetoe



Jennifer Campbell



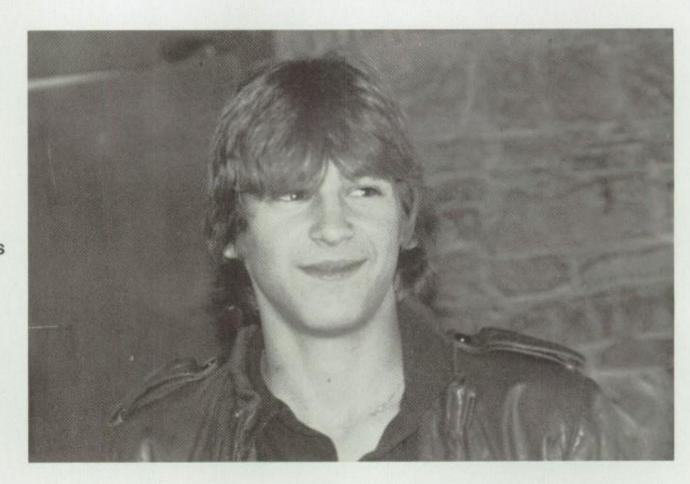
Robert Page



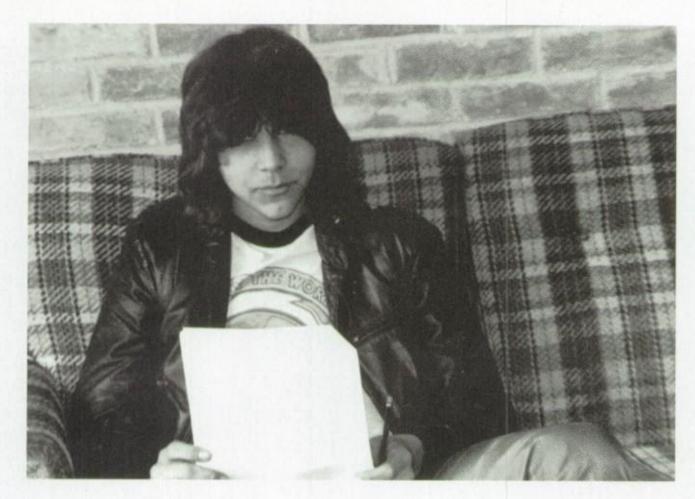
Kelly Santamauro



Nikki Fleder



John Yates

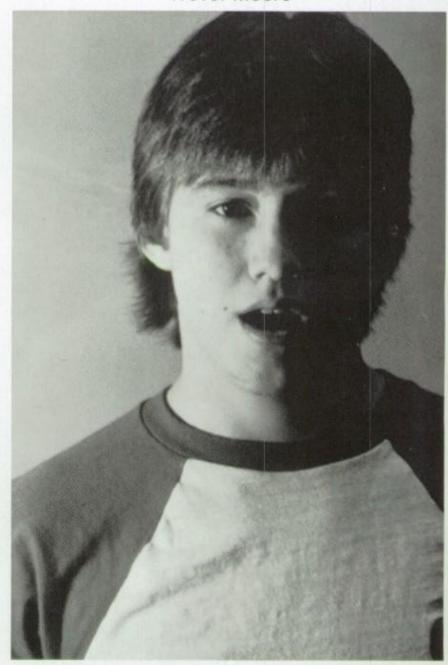


Andy Howell

Mike Wright



Trevor Moore





Paige Streeter



Brent Humphreys



Amy Keeler



Mark Maris



Susan Potter



Michell Painter



Rick Dungan



Mark Russell

The Following Students Were Unavailable for Pictures. They Are Assumed Lost in the Parking Lot.

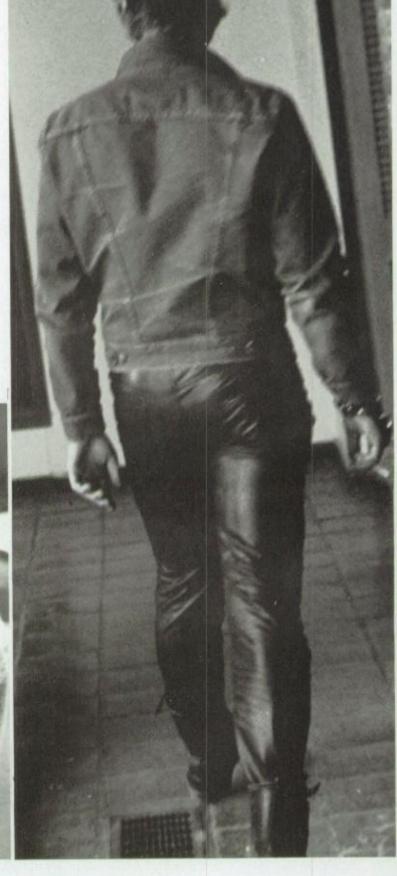
Jennifer McMordie Dana Cox

Zack Reynolds Jack Robertson

Walden From Behind!

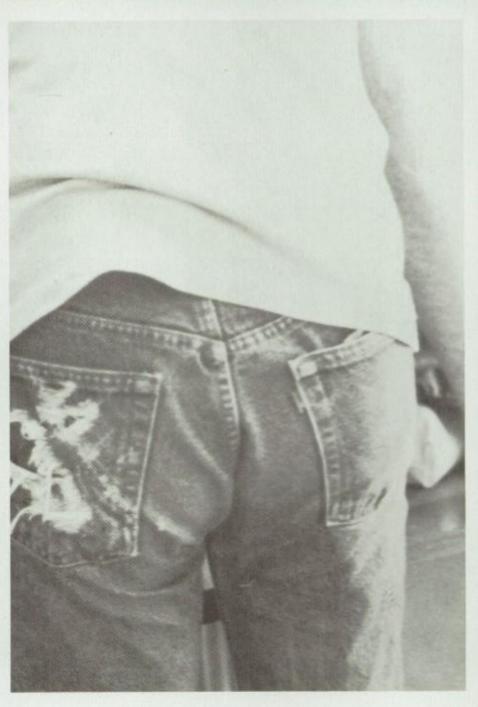








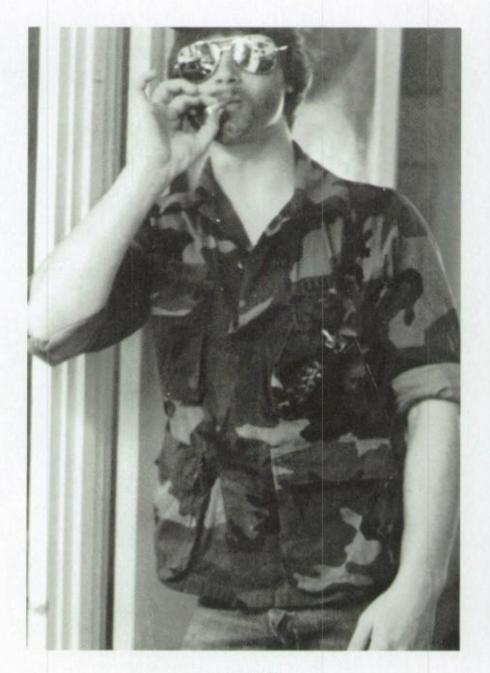




Halloween



Just one bite?



G.I. JOE



Guess who!









Walden at a Glance

Congratulations and Good Luck Graduates

The Briscoes

Yearbook Patrons
Pamela Hagler
John Connell Sr.
Stella James

Good Luck Seniors

The Zalks

Congratulations Seniors

Linsley Avionics, Inc.

Diplomate Behavioral Medicine (A.A.B.M.)

Diplomate Professional Psychotherapy (I.A.P.C.P.)

Diplomate International Academy Of

Health Care Professionals

GEORGE R. MOUNT Ph.D.

Clinical Psychologist Testing and Psychology

12890 Hillcrest at LBJ • Suite 200 • Dallas, Texas 75230 (214) 458-8333 • Answered 24 Hours

Woke up this morning to the sound of dancing droplets on my roof.

Convincing myself it wasn't real I stepped to the window for some proof.

Searching for the sun I stared into the darkness the darkness and watched it fall.

I cancelled my plans and prepared for a day with my windows and walls.

Stood on the porch, dripping news in one hand, maybe it'll end soon.

After attempting to make out the forecast I thought I'd listen to a tune.

Lost in the music I was interrupted by an uninvited voice on the radio.

I was informed that I was in for this weather all week, at least it's not snow.

Jiffy Hodges

Bad News (someone died today)

The news says someone died today, we're all so sad one had to go, denied the right to one more day.

The newsmen thought we all should know.

The news is someone passed away; Left behind, his crying wife on TV seeking sympathy. Through her tears all heard her say, "My husband had a happy life."

The news says someone died today was hanging on, then just let go,
The bad news drove him to his grave.
The newsmen thought we ought to know.

Mike Moreau

A warm flush of euphoria, my senses are exalted; I'm basking in your presence. Then suddenly you are absent And the world is dark — A lurid pit like a coffin.

Ann Michaels

Life is not perfect, like a poem from Pound.

Susan Potter

DALLAS BAMBOO

The leaves of the dense grove of small bamboos are dry and turning brown. Through car noise and trees the unseen flutter of leaves or wings

Stephen Houpt

Smile
Celebration in the darkness
I am rapturously
Inflamed
Secret games inside
Symbolic tête-à-tête
Oh how eager I am
to puncture such a
delicate barrier!

Ann Michaels

Love is like sin, it hurts,
People kill for love,
but love can kill.
Love is a mystery:
you don't know where it is, or where it shall be.

Glen Branch

I ask the cigarette, extended from frail fingers, to soothe me.

Effusing smoke slowly dissipates, and reminds me of you.

I will take in endless amounts, for there is no Sufficient substitute.

Ann Michaels

Watch the crystal clear droplets hit the ground, making a distinct sound.

The greyish sky ready to drop thousands of sounds.

The strikes of lightening warning the sound of the storm.

Kelly Santamauro

It comes in the spring
and inspires such men as Ezra Pound
to write of "petals on a wet black bough."
I too have seen the dogwood
shot down by the sky above —
the blossoms make fragile and beautiful corpses,
too beautiful to bury.

On a summer night lightening glows on the horizon, diffused, like bombs of a distant battlefield. The heat becomes oppressive then breaks with the first heavy drops. In the morning, steam rises from the streets, the smike of spent combat.

In the chill of the autumn foggy clouds rise from the gutters and people's faces.

Outside the drone of windshield wipers the oranges and reds have been varnished and the black is as wet as lacquer.

A blue umbrella stand out on a corner beneath a waterlogged yellow light.

It is colder now and the corners of buildings drip slowly,
as the drops become ice.
With wool around my neck
I stand under the eave,
watching the perpetual evening dusk descend in crystal.
A million tiny prisms ablaze with the heat of headlights, confetti to a solitary streetlamp.

Pamela Francis

A SCENE FROM TWO DIRECTIONS

Tree shadows fan out across the light brown leaves and grass.
Sometimes birds and rustling leaves are heard above the traffic.

11

Slanting sunlight glares through dark leaves making shadows of bark on bark.

Stephen Houpt

RUDE EXIT

Tomorrow the witches of Salem will cast a spell throughout the land

A brew so potent with a work from the wise and a snort of metallic sand

The wind will blow and the sky will rain as the heavens fall on the earth

Then Satan will rise and hell will break loose and the world will burn for what it's worth.

Jiffy Hodges

First Ride on a Bicycle

The excitement in the boy's eyes, as he sees his new bike, (maybe under the Christmas tree) is overwhelming.

The excitement in the father for his son to ride it is almost as much as in the boy to ride it.

As the father walks alongside his little boy, holding him up, the boy still feels like he's on a high wire, fixing to fall.

It is inevitable that the boy fall down, scrape an elbow, scrape a knee.

He must get up
because learning to ride a bike
is sometimes a painful, growing, and
coordinating
experience

Because once you learn to ride a bike, you never forget.

Grant Linsley

Before today I had never rented a chicken. Though now I plan to do it quite often. For me it is a joy. My own private chicken for the day. Quite a thing to see my chicken and me.

All the time strolling up and down the road. On all occasions. Parking my chicken is never a hassle. Don't you agree? It's just great having a chicken around the house.

June I had to go without one because the Chicken Union called a strike. Reagan obviously doesn't like chickens because he taxed them quite badly. Can't believe that. So I'll just keep walking a chicken from the chicken rental. Yes, I do love chickens.

Derek James

Eleven months, abandoned. The loss detrimental, struggles, gifts in the mail.

Three years, a man an army uniform, confusion.

Twelve years, the phone call, bitter tears of hate, first plane ride, a visit, anger.

Fourteen years, another visit, a fight, hate, then pain, joy that turned to tears.

Fifteen years, Christmas gifts, love and understanding.

Sixteen years, relief.

Shanlea Thomas

SONG BIRD

FORETHOUGHT: In life today it's hard to stay In touch with things that a bird might sing.

THE SONG BIRD'S FEAR: Discouraged he may be he doesn't like what he sees from his bird's-eye-view and it reflects on you. Still his song he will sing with the intent to bring back a time when the skies weren't burning his eyes. His song goes unheard but unknown to the bird is the fact that somewhere there are people who care, (or are there?) The bird's song echoes on it remains sad as long as there's no one to hear

of the song bird's fear.
So as the bird flees
to his home in the trees — he
notes his song had to end
on a sad note again.

AFTERTHOUGHT: It's safe to say

In the trees today there are birds that sing of happier things.

Mike Moreau

A cigarette once smoked, A quick for some higher power. Used and forgotten, If ever known.

Reminders of what once was, useless to anyone.

While burned and inhaled, appreciated, But only with help.

The only good that comes from it Is helping someone avoid pain. Is it really good though With all the damage it can cause?

Rita Brennan

TIME

As I sat on an old log in the forest, all alone
I watched the leaves fall to the ground.
The cool fall breeze stung my face.

The white snow began to fall.
The harsh wind whipped the snow as it fell.
I shivered all alone.

Then the cold winter wind went to the north.
Coming south,
the spring breeze mingled with the budding trees.
The aroma of blooming flowers perfumed the air.

The uncomfortable heat of summer was here, there was no breeze this time of year.

The sweat trickled down my face as I sat, all alone.

Kelly Santamauro

Ye Ode to Catman and Slip

Well let me tell you a story About two goons I know. One of their names is Catman, And for Slip I wrote this ode.

Now one of them eats cow patties And one of them eats dirt. Catman does the first one And Slip is just a jerk.

Now if you see the Catman, Or if you spy on Slip And they shall certainly see them, And they shall certainly be ripped.

Ann Michaels

Derek James

Hanging pictures speak

but only a few of us listen.

(so much to experience)
Animated scenes to revel in:

what I must choose to do.

I'm making my movie more interesting

Spontaneously . . .

Expanding my senses

I suppose?

Relations are good

Conversing with objects

Abounding alive

And also inanimate. In sync

(As I create them to be).

Thoughts Collected on a Rainy Day

"Blistering ecstasy," he said,
his eyes closed and smiling.
She, sitting cross-legged beside him,
agreed with boisterous laughter.
He began to crawl through the aggravated slosh,
singing to himself.
She hummed along in unison,
as she couldn't ever remember such trivialities as
lyrics.

"Stop!" she cried. "Listen to the sound."
He was silent for a small moment
and then suddenly he screamed.
"Rapture!"
She fell to the soft earth and howled
until the wind inside was depleted.

Ann Michaels

Patt-patt on the roof top, back and forth on the car window is the wind-shield wiper hypnotizing everyone in the car, going out to spend all our money, in remembrance to a saying, sitting inside wishing you could go out and play football.

Grant Linsley

Grey pervading all —
I have closed my window against it,
locked the door,
but now it has found a way in through the ceiling;
dripping,
constant,
settling into my bones
with a dampness
of old condemned attics.
It has left a sheen on the world outside
but it has only made me soggy,
like wet bread.

Pamela Francis

The world is now clean and fresh, the earth cleansed of dust.

The sun in shining and the clouds are gone. The wind is

peaceful and the animals are coming out. The world is now

clean and peaceful and the rivers are filled again.

Lisa Tarasar

Born in the clouds awaiting to fall. A gift from the seas to water the world. Each is reincarnated to rise and fall again and again.

Susan Potter

Carly and MOWNDED HONE

